# The Cheerful Letter

EVERY PLACE A CHURCH; EVERY DAY THE LORD'S DAY; ALL EVENTS BLESSINGS; ALL JOY THANKSGIVING; AND ALL NATURE AND LIFE FULL OF GOD.—*James Freeman Clarke.*

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## THE CHEERFUL LETTER.

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CONTENTS OF NO. 11.

CHRIST HATH ARISEN . . . . . 129
THE RESURRECTION LIFE . . . . . 129
THE STILL HOUR . . . . . 131
THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB . . . . . 132
THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL . . . . . 135
THE CITY OF THE LIVING . . . . . 138
NATURAL HISTORY: ALL ABOUT BATS . . . . 138
QUEEN VICTORIA . . . . . 139
THE PASSING OF THE TERN . . . . . 140
AMUSEMENT COLUMN . . . . . 141
THE OBER-AMMERGAU PLAY: CONCLUDED . . . 142
IMPORTANT NOTICES . . . . . 144

### *CHRIST HATH ARISEN!*

Christ hath arisen! O mountain peaks, attest!
Witness, resounding glen and torrent-wave!
The immortal courage in the human breast
Sprung from that victory; tell how oft the brave
To camp midst rock and cave,
Nerved by those words, their struggling faith have borne,
Planting the cross on high above the clouds of morn!

The Alps have heard sweet hymnings for to-day;
Ay, and wild sounds of sterner, deeper tone
Have thrilled their pines, when those that knelt to pray
Rose up to arm! The pure, high snows have known
A coloring not their own,
But from true hearts, which by that crimson stain
Gave token of a trust that called no suffering vain.

Those days are past; the mountains wear no more
The solemn splendor of the martyr's blood;
And may that awful record, as of yore,
Never again be known to field or flood!
E'en though the faithful stood,
A noble army, in the exulting sight
Of earth and heaven, which blessed their battle for the right!

But many a martyrdom by hearts unshaken
Is yet borne silently in homes obscure;
And many a bitter cup is meekly taken;
And for the strength whereby the just and pure
Thus steadfastly endure,
Glory to Him whose victory won that dower,—
Him from whose rising streamed that robe of spirit-power!

Glory to Him! Hope to the suffering breast!
Light to the nations! He hath rolled away
The mists which, gathering into deathlike rest,
Between the soul and heaven's calm ether lay.
His love hath made it day
With those that sat in darkness. Earth and sea
Lift up glad strains for man by truth divine made free!

— *Felicia Hemans.*

### *THE RESURRECTION LIFE.*

"*Because I live, ye shall live also.*"—JOHN xiv. 19.

Shortly before these words were spoken, Jesus had told his disciples that in a few hours he was to die. So startling had been these tidings to them — for now for the first time they believed that his death was at hand — that this last discourse began with comfort. "Let not your heart be troubled. If I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself that where I am, there ye may be also."

With sublime self-forgetfulness, which is all the clearer and more beautiful because it does not stand alone in the history of mankind, but is at one with many other stories of those about to die, he forgot his

own death, forgot or put aside the agony of mind and body he was yet to bear, that he might give himself up to the task of exalting, impressing, and teaching those who, in the hour of danger, he knew would forsake him and flee away. At this hour two things supported him. The first was that he was going to his Father,—going through death to the life he cared for most, —to unbroken, conscious union with God. It is the thought which has glorified a thousand deaths, which has given to the dying, not only in Christian, but in heathen lands, that calm reasonableness, that sweet and luminous fearlessness, which have enabled men and women to speak in peace the weightiest words of their whole life — words of infinite love, comfort, wisdom, and joy — to those whom they were leaving. They knew that they were not dying, but passing into life; and it was this deep and blest conviction, that death was the threshold of life, which they wished above all things to leave behind them. It was a truth, they thought, powerful as joy itself, to illuminate the sorrow of the world. For them, and in their hearts, at this last hour, they knew it as perfect exultation. For life is the only absolute joy, and to cease to live the only absolute sorrow. For what is Life but Love?

And it was life to which Jesus looked forward,— to be at one with perfect love and righteousness and activity. It was no wonder that below all the sorrow and storm of the moment he had such peace that he could say, "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

The second thing which poured its calm over the last hours of Jesus was his desire "that he should live in the lives of his disciples, and that his life (a power in them) should pass through them into the life of the world, and regenerate mankind." Therefore, he gave all these last hours to impress upon them the ideas of the kingdom he came to establish in the hearts of men, to say words which, when he were gone, would be power and fire and hope and faith and love within them, which in all the trouble of their lives and in all the battle they had to fight might be their strength and consolation, and which handed on, like torches aflame, from one noble hand to another, might spread their fire and send their light to the remotest corners of humanity.

This is a noble immortality for which all of us may live, and the thought of it brings calm and consolation, the same, in part, as that which Jesus had when, looking round on his followers, he said: "Because I live ye shall live also. If I shall live in mankind, through what I have done, you, who follow my spirit and do my works, shall live also in men."

These are two thoughts of the resurrection life, and I now expand them. Into the first, into that divine and loving life which is beyond this world, Jesus, our Master, rose, as millions had risen before him. Conquerors of death, they did not know that death was not. He knew it; and, since he felt himself to be the representative in this knowledge of mankind, he said, for all of us, "Because I live, ye shall live also." He, at least, had no doubt. To him the future was absolutely certain. He was going away to be with his Father forevermore, at one with the life of God, with whom he had been at one here on earth. Death was nothing to him except a passage of pain. The life which he was to live hereafter was the continuance in another form of the life which he had lived on earth. Therefore, the coming away did not separate him, he thought, from his brothers and friends; nor did his oneness with God prevent his oneness with mankind. He would be always with them, though he was always with God. And they were to follow him, to enter into the same life that he was going to enter, to become as much at one with God and man as he was to be. "Because I live, ye shall live also." It is to that we are to look forward to-day. Our immortality is the life which Jesus, our Master, now lives in God.

But what kind of a life is it? You hear it in his words. It is a life of ceaseless work, of living still in and through his fellow-men, of helping, comforting, redeeming, blessing, guiding into truth, loving. "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world." If all he says be true, and we are to be like him, that is also the life which all the noble dead are living now, and which we shall live hereafter. I do not believe we have nothing to do with our fellow-men when we die. We have that to do

which Christ has to do. And, if he is working in and through men and women now, so are those whom we deem dead to us, but who are, in truth, more alive to us than ever they were on earth. So, then, the life we look forward to is no slumbrous, inactive rest, no cessation of the life of sacrifice, of joy in loving toil. It is no still garden of the souls, such as sacred painters and poets have pictured; no Elysian fields where spirits wander in quiet contemplation. Peace is there, and stillness. But it is peace from strife with sin and self, and stillness in the righteousness of the soul. Contemplation is there. But it is contemplation which is carried on, as the best contemplation of life is, in the midst of doing that which we contemplate. Do you imagine that Jesus Christ sleeps inactive there? that doing nothing is his Father's business in the world to come? Or do you think that Saint Paul dreams away his life,—the man whose very words were instinct with labor, whose Epistles were forged out of the glowing heat of action? Men like him could not think without misery, did not they at once try to put every thought into the work that belongs to the thought. "I desire to depart and be with Christ, which is far better." What, better to live the life of mere spiritual contemplation? better to sleep than to be fighting on earth, with all the energy of a warrior, for God and man? No, indeed! Saint Paul never could have conceived that view of the life to come. What he looked forward to was that perfect activity which does all things with joy; to the rest which comes with sorrowless swiftness of creation; to sacrifice become absolute delight; to deeper, more passionate spending and being spent in the service of all who need it.

And that is our hope and joy, that our life to come. All whom you have loved and have lost, and given into your Father's hands, are risen into that glorious life,—a life active, full, untiring in love, lost to self, alive to others, serving incessantly, in joy that is unwearied, all who want their service; forgetting nothing of the sorrows or the joys of earth, nothing of the dear human life they lived of old; it may be, helping still, if God will, the home and hearts of those they dwelt with herewith; that tenderness which knows no death. For the noble feelings of the heart can never sleep nor die. And the fidelity and love which disease cannot destroy on earth are doubled, not destroyed by death. And the righteousness and love of truth, the desire to serve, the pity, grace, and moral strength which deepen in old age and are more bright in the hour of death than in the midst of manhood's active life, pass through death, to the other side, to be developed a thousand-fold. Their development is our life to come.

And it secures that other immortality,—immortality in the race.

For such a life flows from man to man, like a river from land to land, and ceases not to flow, in ever-quickening life, over farther and farther reaches of mankind, when no memory remains of him who lived, long since, so nobly and so well. This, too, is an immortality which can belong to all if we are not greedy of this world's reputation. For the immortal influence of which I speak and which lives in others, a power to bless and strengthen and redeem, is not that which emblazons our names on the flaming walls of the world or sets the bells of history ringing. This is a fair and noble aim for which to live. And it is all the fairer because it has, and desires, no reward of fame. It is in the power of the humblest and poorest and most uneducated. It is an immortality that needs nothing for its attainment but a loving heart, a humble spirit. I wish it to you all this Easter Day.

Arise, therefore, to meet these two vocations, and live for them. Awake, thou that sleepest, arise from the dead; and Christ shall give thee light. Arise out of all sin, selfishness, grief, apathy, and every evil thing. Live for immortal life with God your Father, and immortal life with man your brother. Let this be your Easter Day. So shall you, too, in the hour of death be able to take up the words of Jesus, and say to those who are your disciples and your friends, "Because I live, ye shall live also."

*Stopford A. Brooke.*

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## *THE STILL HOUR.*

Methinks it is good to be here;
If Thou wilt, let us build — but for whom?
Nor Elias nor Moses appear,
But the shadows of eve that encompass the gloom,
The abode of the dead, and the place of the tomb.

The first tabernacle to Hope we will build,
And look for the sleepers around us to rise;
The second to Faith which insures it fulfilled,
And the third to the Lamb of the great sacrifice,
Who bequeathed us them both, (when He rose)
from the skies.

— *Selected.*

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Jesus lived on the Mount. So we have to climb to see what he saw. And this is what he would have us do: take his hand, look up, and climb.

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We are with the Maries, preparing the spices with which to embalm our buried treasures. Just as that long, silent Saturday, when the dead body of Jesus lay in the tomb, was darker than the tragical Friday, so the period that follows close upon any great grief is harder to bear than when the sorrow came. Our treasures are entombed, and a stone too great for us to move is laid over the door of our sepulchre. All is dark, and God seems too far away to hear our cry. Here is darkness, indeed! But, the deeper the darkness, the nearer we are to the light, though we know it not. The clouds may hide the stars: they can never extinguish them. God's voice is in the cloud, though we may not hear. But this is only a day. It may be a long one: still, like all days, it will have its close. We fall asleep in our tears, our prayers half said, it may be. No matter. God knows.

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Thanks be to God that every night, however dark, has its morning! We wake: the light of a new day streaks the east. We go at once to the tomb as Mary did, carrying our spices of deathless love. We wonder if there be any power strong enough to roll that stone away. But, lo! as we look, it is rolled away, and an angel voice says, "Not here, but risen." The graves of our loved ones are empty now. It is Easter with us, the octave of our Palm Sunday. The old note of joy is not repeated; but another note is struck, an octave higher. The promise of our Palm Sunday is fulfilled, but not in the way we then hoped. Two suns rise this morning, one to quicken the earth, the other to quicken the soul. No wonder it has been called "The Great Morning." Would we could always live in the light of it; that all the experiences of our Passion Week, our season of Promise, of Purification, of Crucifixion, of Darkness, might be lighted with the resurrection hopes of the Immortal Day! — *Leaflets for Lent, W. P. Tilden.*

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## THE BOOK AND MAGAZINE CLUB.

[*Send all offers and requests for this department to Mrs. W. B. Nichols, 2 Kensington Park, Roxbury, Mass.*]

BEFORE WRITING TO ASK FOR BOOKS, DO NOT FAIL TO READ THE FOLLOWING DIRECTIONS.

1. If you see a book offered in the Book Club which you desire to read, write directly to the address of the person who offers it. If she receives more than one request, the addresses of those to whom she cannot respond may be sent to the Book Club, and the request printed there.

2. If you have a book or paper to give or lend, write directly to the Book Club as above, and offer it with your address.

3. In sending a book, enclose, when possible, a P.O. card for response, already addressed.

4. In thanking the person who has sent you a book, always mention the name of the book. Say, "I have received 'Black Beauty,'" or whatever the book may be; not, "I have received *that book*." This saves a busy person a good deal of time. Otherwise, she must consult her list constantly to find out what book has been received safely.

N.B.— Do not send books to the Book Club. Send only the *offer* to the club. To send the *book* involves packing it *twice* and paying postage *twice*, where once would suffice.

Those who offer books frequently receive notes, saying, "Shall I return you this book, or keep it, or pass it on?" *Unless otherwise stated, all* books offered in this department are *given*, and the postage paid.

Please remember, when you see a request for a book in the Book Club, to write a card to Mrs. Nichols, asking, "*Shall* I send such a book to such a person?" before sending it: else the person who requests it may receive several copies. When any one writes directly to you, asking for a book offered by you, send a card to Mrs. Nichols, saying that you *have* sent it. When you receive more requests than you can meet, send these to the Book Club to be printed there.

Please write only on one side of the paper in sending lists or letters to the secretary.

### OFFERS.

Will any mother who would like to have "Gentle Measures in Training the Young," by Jacob Abbott, or any one who would like "Black Beauty," address Miss Langmaid, 373 Boylston Street, Boston, Mass.?

The following books are offered by the Cambridge Branch. Address Mrs. C. W. Kettell, 19 Brewster Street, Cambridge, Mass. Old correspondents will please ad-

dress the members to whom they have formerly written. In order to receive books from the Cambridge Branch, it will be necessary henceforth to send a reference with the first request.

*Educational.*

"Grammar School Geography," Swinton; "Handy Atlas of the World"; "Primer," Hillard; "Physical Geography," Page; "Nature Reader"; "Seaside and Wayside"; "English Grammar," Whitney; "Elements of Physics," Gage; "Elements of Physics," Arnott; "Our World," N. L. Hall; "Smaller History of Rome," Smith; "Suggestion Lessons," Badlawn's; "Standard Fifth Reader," Sargeant; "Composition and Rhetoric," Hart; "Elementary Projection Drawing"; "English Composition and Rhetoric," Bain; "Composition and Rhetoric," Quackenbos; Worcester's "History"; "Natural Philosophy," Quackenbos; "American History," Quackenbos; "Illustrated School History of the United States," Quackenbos; "History of Greece," Smith; "History of Greece," Jewell; "Higher Lessons in English," Reed and Kellogg; "Second and Third Readers," Stickney; "Franklin Fifth Reader"; "McGuffey's "Fifth Reader"; "Primer," Warner; "Sixth Reader," Monroe; "First Weeks at School"; "The Progressive Speller," Sever; "How to Speak and Write"; "Shakesperian Reader," Hows; "Primary Word Book"; "Complete Spelling Book," Hazen; "Nature's Byways"; "First Lessons in Language," Southworth and Goddard; "Physiology and Hygiene," Dalton; "Physiology and Hygiene," Hutchison; "History of American Literature," Spalding; "Moral Philosophy," Peabody; "Fifth Reader," Sheldon; "Vocal Culture"; "Fourth Music Reader"; "High School Music Reader."

The following books are offered by the Springfield Branch: "Treasure Island," Stevenson; "Perley Cross," Blackmore; "Equality," Edward Bellamy; "The Heart's Highway," Mary E. Wilkins; "Cranford," Mrs. Gaskell; "Kate Carnegie," Ian Maclaren; "Sunday stories for Little Children"; "The House that grew," Mrs. Molesworth; "The Play Lady"; Warren's "Brief Course in Geography"; *Review of Reviews* for 1900; *Outlook* for 1898–1900. Address Miss Clara D. Hoar, care Samuel Bowles, Crescent Hill, Springfield, Mass.

The following books are offered by the Brattleboro Branch. Address Mrs. G. E. Foster, 24 Canal Street, Brattleboro, Vermont.

"Fort Frayne," Captain Charles King; "At his Gates," "Hester and Harry Joscelyn," Mrs. Oliphant; "Dorcas and Godfrey Helstone," G. M. Craik; "Beside the River," "Miss Eyon of Eyoncourt," "At the Red Glove," and "Mrs. Rumbold's Secret," by Katharine Macquoid; "Sir Gibbie," G. MacDonald; "Unknown to History" and "The Armorer's Prentices," C. M. Yonge.

REQUESTS.

I am a poor girl, not being able to buy any books. My family consists of my mother, myself, and two brothers. We have very few advantages, and we are greatly benefited and comforted by reading good religious books. I will be very thankful for any work by Moody or Sheldon, say, "The Way to God, and How to find it"; "Heaven, and How to get there"; "Twelve Select Sermons," by Moody; "The Crucifixion of Philip Strong"; "My Brother's Keeper." Maud Plume, Raines, Virginia.

Mrs. George Lawrence, Nettle Ridge, Virginia, is almost a helpless invalid from rheumatism, the mother of three small children, and living in a lonely place. She asks for any magazines.

My daughter, Kate G. Monroe, has been getting your paper a good many years. I enjoy it, and pass it on to others. I am a widow with four children. I live in the country. My children are in a public school. I have never applied to you for books until now. I would like to get Maury's "Manual of Geography," Home's "Fifth Reader," and any other reading matter, old or new. Mrs. Fanny Monroe, Manchester Post-office, Cumberland County, North Carolina.

I am a subscriber to *The Cheerful Letter*, and am always glad when it comes. I have received books and magazines through your Exchange, and was much pleased with them. It is hard to get any of the new books way out here, and we have to pay such high prices for them. I would be so glad to receive any of the following books: "Eleanor," Mrs. H. Ward; "Wanted: A

Matchmaker," Ford; "Tommy and Grizel," J. M. Barrie; "The Cardinal's Snuff-box"; "The Master Christian," Corelli. I have some, both simple and difficult, duets, solos, and a few trios I will be glad to send to any one who asks for them. Miss Agnes L. Black, Ft. McKavett, Texas.

Florence Gilbert, Mt. Vernon, South Dakota, asks for "Six Girls," and "Five Little Peppers."

I would like the Life of Queen Victoria, Josephine, Madame Roland, Hortense, Marie Antoinette, Cleopatra, the Life of Robert Bruce, Emerson's "Essays," Fiske's "Civil Government," Lockhart's Life of Napoleon. I thank you all for the kindness you have shown me in sending me books from time to time. I am very fond of reading. The books and papers sent me are always read by my friends, and they all enjoy them. (Miss) Carrie D. Phillips, Pleasant View, Amherst County, Virginia.

Mrs. Claudia Acres, Tolar, Texas, an invalid, confined to her bed for three years, will be very glad of any reading. She especially asks for "Pilgrim's Progress," *Ladies' Home Journal*, and *Youth's Companion* for her little boy.

Mrs. Louise H. Goodwin, Allwood, Virginia, asks for "Barriers Burned Away" or any book by O. W. Holmes.

Mrs. Eva Beach writes in behalf of a little girl twelve years of age, who has had educational advantages, but is now kept out of school to care for an invalid mother. She is very desirous to obtain books to pass away the lonely hours. She likes history and poetical works. Any reading matter for a girl of her age would be gladly welcomed. Her address is Lizzie Stephenson, Aztec, New Mexico.

I write you to express my many thanks for reading matter received from *Cheerful Letter* friends. I would like to receive some good religious books for my mother, and would like very much to get "Queechy," "Ivanhoe," "Out of the Hurly Burly," or "A Woman's Heart." Mrs. Ennis Pegram, Dellaplane, North Carolina.

Mrs. Adella C. Wilcox, Dupuyer, Montana, will be glad to receive a "Question Book on the Life of Christ," "Swiss Family Robinson," History of England, "Vanity Fair," or "Adam Bede."

Mrs. S. M. Clarke, Cedar Hill, North Carolina, would like "Richard Carvel."

General reading is asked for by the following persons: Miss Della Owen, Payne's Springs, Texas; Miss Minnie Horn, Tom Bean, Texas; Mrs. Walter Brown, Heareford, North Carolina; Mrs. A. McCorkel, Orleans, Nebraska; Maria C. Walsh, Paris, Texas.

Mrs. Minnie Minor, Oologah, Indian Territory, would be very glad to receive November and December number of *Munsey*, 1899.

I am an orphan girl, seventeen years old. I live with my grandmother. My ambition is to get far enough advanced to teach school. I am making great efforts. I live far from any town or city. I am very fond of reading, and will be very thankful for any reading. Nannie Gregory, Nettle Ridge, Virginia.

(A very important thing,—perhaps the most important thing for a young girl situated as you are — is to perfect herself in *writing*. Practise writing a short time every day with pencil or pen, writing very slowly, and taking pains to form *every letter* clearly. Practise writing one word, slowly, over and over again. No accomplishment is more important for any one, but especially for a teacher. This will require some resolution and perseverance; but resolution and perseverance are necessary, if you want to be a good teacher.)

I have four children, the oldest of whom is nineteen years, and the youngest seven. I am a widow, dependent upon my oldest son for support. I have nothing to spend for books, and will be very grateful for reading matter suitable for three boys and one little girl. Mrs. Ellen Pedigo, Vinton, Virginia.

The address of Mrs. Hattie Lancaster is changed from Walnut Cove to White Plains, Surrey County, North Carolina.

Mrs. Hattie D. Wood, formerly at Sulphur Springs, is now at Mansville, Indian Territory.

We are sorry to receive notice of the death of Mrs. J. W. Wormack.

## THE MOTHERS' COUNCIL.

[*Contributions for this department may be sent to Mrs. J. S. Howe, Chestnut Street, Brookline, Mass.*]

### A CAUSE OF FAILURE.

The mother's influence should certainly be at its strongest during the early years of her son's life. And yet it not unfrequently is spoilt by the time he has reached the age of fourteen. It happens to me sometimes to be talking with a parent who has come down to the school to look after an unsatisfactory son. In all that she says of him I can see how anxious and thoughtful and truly good she is, and I wonder to myself what can be the reason that her control over him is so slight. Perhaps at this juncture he comes into the room, and in a moment the mystery is solved. Almost before she has greeted him, she charges him with having inked his collar or smashed his hat or she assumes he will be late for breakfast next morning. In short, to use the expressive monosyllable, she "nags" him. And, if she does so till the poor lad begins to blush and look sheepish in the presence of a stranger, what must have been going on during all the years of childhood at home? Now the fact must be faced that little boys are often irritating people to live with. And it occasionally happens that the mother's equanimity is imperilled merely because of the persistency in little tricks, which are often ingrained in healthy childhood. It is easy to talk of compelling your son to obedience, and always with serenity; but, if he will drum on the table with his knuckles at the same moment of dinner every day, or make a noise just outside the nursery door when the baby is having his mid-day sleep, something must be done, and speedily. It seems absurd to treat as moral offences what are well-known concomitants of growth, and yet the alternative of leaving them alone can hardly be recommended. Well, the first thing to be sure of is that, if you "nag," you will lose your influence without curing the annoyance, the reason of this being that very often the boy is laboring to cure himself of the very thing for which you scold him. Especially is this true of the feckless (spiritless) boy. He may have much determination, but it will be years before he is quite rid of feckleness. And meantime how can you expect him to continue in his effort if you give him no credit for it? Or what will he think of your insight if you fail to take note of his fitful resolutions? Your business is to set yourself to see the beginnings of good in him; and it is exceedingly probable that these very annoyances are the outcome of a vigorous vitality, one of the most precious endowments any one can be blessed with in early life.

However irritating they may be, to "nag" about trifles is very foolish, because you want your powder and shot for other things. As to the general problem, the only recommendation that can be made is, first, to settle what you mean to stop. Make it, then, a matter of obedience, and come down upon the violation of your order sharply and promptly. The worst "naggers" are those who make offences out of things perfectly innocent to the child simply because they exasperate the elders. No rebuke should be administered (unless the thoughtlessness is positively culpable) except when there has been disobedience. But "nagging" is worse than foolish. It is the indication of a failure of love; and, if the mother's love ever fails, whence is the boy to learn the idea of the love of God? That is why an opinion I have heard maintained, that it is good for the mother of growing boys to have "a bit of a temper," is so dangerously false. She may have as much as she likes if it is never displayed. The effort of self-control will give her the kind of strength that is required. But any display of temper, no matter how keen the exasperation has been, is a weakening of the bond; and the immediate conquest will be paid for hereafter with compound interest. Again, it is an indication of littleness of mind and a narrow horizon. Is it not perfectly certain that little boys — indeed, big ones, too — may be nothing short of nuisances in the house, and outside of it, and yet be growing into fine men? I have heard of a mother who never rebuked or checked her numerous sons in all their oddities from the nursery onward, but let them freely mix with grown-up people, and display the most amazing behavior. What happened? They have grown up to be part of the salt of the earth, and to combine, in an

uncommon degree, goodness and popularity. I do not ask you to follow this lady's example, for many people's nerves would be found unequal to the task. But do remember that you are training your small son to be a man. Before you revile him, think of what you want him to be twenty or thirty years hence. Or, better still, try not to forget that it is for eternal life that you profess to be bringing him up, and ask yourself, in view of what is coming, if these little annoyances ought to upset the balance of your mind. A mother who often ponders on eternity will never "nag."— *Mothers and Sons, by Rev. Hon. E. Lyttleton.*

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*My dear Mrs. Howe,*—As L. F. C. wishes personal observations as to whether boys or girls are most indulged in families, I venture to give mine. I have seen cases of both, and think the difference is largely a matter of class.

The "oppressed" boy is apt to be found on the smaller farms, where he often has to do the most disagreeable part of the work, and gets but little of the proceeds. A touching story by Diana Conway, "Why don't the Boys stay on the Farm?" which originally appeared in the *Maine Farmer*, is an apt illustration. That such cases are not more common is owing to the fact that the American boy is a peculiarly hard animal to oppress, like a friend of mine, who said, "I waited till I got strong enough, and then I knocked the old man down, and ran away to sea!"

Now, in such a case, the girl has much the advantage. Firstly, she generally marries young. Secondly, if she does not, her labor being comparatively valueless on the farm, she is usually allowed her time and her small earnings before she is twenty-one. That must be a very rich or a very wise farmer, or both, who feels that he can keep his daughter at home to help her mother. Thirdly, a father who is hard upon his boy will often be indulgent enough to a pretty little girl, who can use her natural gifts of coaxing.

I could give instances of oppression of boys in the more highly cultivated classes; but I must premise that they are all in the past, when the American father was a strict disciplinarian. I know a lady who says that, when a dispute arose between her and her brother, he was always punished without any question, while she was never even reprimanded; and several families where the boys were severely disciplined, while the girls did pretty much as they liked. Nowadays, the father in the cultivated and most especially in the wealthy classes has, as a rule, none of the management of his children. If he sees anything of them, it is all that can be expected. It all falls on the mother, if she will take it. She is naturally more inclined to pet her sons, as the father is his daughters. But I do not think that is the reason why, in such homes, the boys are systematically preferred to the girls. The real reason is the never-ceasing care and anxiety a conscientious mother of large means feels for the future of her sons, and the perpetual struggle she maintains to guard them from being ruined by the temptations of wealth, as she knows that so many are at her doors, and very likely in her own family. Anything, everything she can do to make their home attractive to them must be done; and the girls must second her, to the best of their ability. I have seen a number of homes where it is always understood as a matter of course that Jack or Harry is to have the first choice in everything,—what amusements are to be the order of the day, who is to be asked to the house, and where they are to go. And his sisters must give up their own projects, smilingly and sweetly, no matter how suddenly. If they are good girls, they do so without a murmur. Whether their mother and they could find any better way is a question worth discussing. As for that of heredity, opened by "A. L. P.," I think it too big a one for those not scientifically educated.

A. B. P.

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AN OW'R TRUE TALE.

I went one day to call on a friend who had two children, a boy of ten and a girl of eleven and a few months. I was invited to remain to the early dinner, and in an unfortunate moment agreed to do so.

Presently the boy bounced noisily into the parlor, and in a rude, ill-tempered manner demanded to be allowed to go and play with a boy of his acquaintance. There must have been some very good reason why this could not be permitted, as the mother was (to her son) extremely indulgent.

Possibly, having once refused, she felt ashamed to yield while I was present. There ensued one of the most unpleasant scenes I ever witnessed. The boy stood for at least twenty minutes, scowling, snarling, snapping, and whining: "Why mayn't I?" "I should think you might let me!" the mother answering each snarl with "No, dear, I'd rather you wouldn't," in a soft, cooing manner, which irritated the boy into answering still more loudly, crossly, and rudely. To every coo he responded with a more angry snarl, until at last his answers became absolute screams. The mother, so far from feeling any sense of shame, looked perfectly contented. She seemed quite unconscious that by thus answering the boy, and allowing him to *answer her back again*, she was practising him in a habit of ill-temper, disrespect, and pertinacious wilfulness. It was like the game where two people hold each other's hands and pull back and forth to exercise the muscles, only in this case it was the boy's bad temper that was strengthened.

Nor was there, as it seemed to me, the least need of all this contest. She could have quietly ordered the boy not to speak again, instead of inviting resistance by answering him and not silencing him.

Presently the father came into the room. Instantly the boy was silent. Not another cross word did he utter. The scowls left his face, and he looked good-humored.

We then went to dinner, and he behaved with perfect propriety all dinner-time. But the second the door closed on the father, the boy's mouth opened wide, and out burst the snarls and whines again. "No, dear, I'd rather you wouldn't," warbled the mother. "You may go out and play with your sister!"

"How *can* she," thought I (but, alas! I did not say it), "send him out, in this mood, to play with his sister! He will of course be as cross as possible to her, and there will be trouble." I half expected him to object to going. But he was too smart for that. He knew that now the game was (to a certain extent, at least) in his own hands. He turned instantly (but with a very ugly expression on his face, which I saw plainly, and wondered that his mother did not), and walked off, his unlucky victim following.

In five minutes the little girl came in, a little flushed, and looking troubled, and said in a gentle, respectful manner, "Mamma, may I go and ask Bessie to come and play with me?"

This brought out the mother's first sharp word. She answered irritably: "Why, what's the matter? *Why* can't you play with Willie?" The poor little girl hesitated, then said (not crossly, but timidly), "Why, Willie's so cross." At this moment, Willie sauntered in, a satisfied smile on his face. "*I* think that Nellie's cross!" he remarked, but without asperity. He knew that his cause was won. It was perfectly evident to an onlooker that he went out with the deliberate intention of bullying his sister until she could not endure it any longer, with absolute confidence that his mother would punish her, and let him go scot free, without any questions. And that was exactly what happened. The mother said impatiently, "Now what *is* the reason, children, that you cannot play pleasantly together?" . . . "You can both play pleasantly with other children, but not with each other." So she complained for a few minutes. Then assuming a judicial air, and speaking sternly to the little girl: "Nellie, take off your bonnet, go upstairs to your room, and stay there. Willie, *you* may go and invite some one to come and play with you."

I got up hastily, and said good-afternoon, much depressed. And I feel the same depression whenever I think of the incident. The faults the boy showed, in the morning, would have seemed serious to me, if it had not been that the record of the afternoon was so much worse. It may be thought that the mother was a silly woman. She was not. She was intelligent, sensible, and very sweet-tempered in all that did not concern her children. She was conscientious and very unselfish. She did not see — simply *could* not see — the ill-temper, disrespect, and wilfulness which were so patent to me, still less the graver faults, the malice, deceit, and the meanness of trading on a mother's blindness and weakness to cause the innocent sister to be punished, in order that the boy might get his own way. I must confess that I should lose my affection for a mother who could treat me so unjustly.

Do mothers lose every particle of common sense as soon as they have a little scamp of ten years old to deal with?—

*Sister Constance.*

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## *THE CITY OF THE LIVING.*

In a long vanished age, whose varied story
No record has to-day,—
So long ago expired its grief and glory,—
There flourished, far away,

In a broad realm, whose beauty passed all measure,
A city fair and wide,
Wherein the dwellers lived in peace and pleasure,
And never any died.

Disease and pain and death, those stern marauders
Which mar our world's fair face,
Never encroached upon the pleasant borders
Of that bright dwelling-place.

No fear of parting and no dread of dying
Could ever enter there;
No mourning for the lost, no anguished crying,
Made any face less fair.

Without the city's walls death reigned as ever,
And graves rose side by side;
Within the dwellers laughed at his endeavor,
And never any died.

Oh, happiest of earth's favored places!
Oh, bliss to dwell therein!—
To live in the sweet light of loving faces,
And feel no grave between!

To feel no death-damp, gathering cold and colder,
Disputing life's warm truth,—
To live on, never lonelier or older,
Radiant in deathless youth!

And, hurrying from the world's remotest quarters,
A tide of pilgrims flowed
Across broad plains and over mighty waters,
To find that blest abode

Where never death should come between and sever
Them from their loved apart,—
Where they might work and win and live forever,
Still holding heart to heart.

And so they lived in happiness and pleasure,
And grew in power and pride,
And did great deeds and laid up stores of treasure,
And never any died.

And many years rolled on, and saw them striving
With unabated breath;
And other years still found and left them living,
And gave no hope of death.

Yet listen, hapless soul whom angels pity,
Craving a boon like this,—
Mark how the dwellers in this wondrous city
Grew weary of their bliss.

One and another, who had been concealing
The pain of life's long thrall,
Forsook their pleasant places, and came stealing
Outside the city wall;

Craving with wish that brooked no more denying,
So long had it been crossed,
The blessed possibility of dying,—
The treasure they had lost.

Daily the current of rest-seeking mortals
Swelled to a broader tide
Till none were left within the city's portals,
And graves grew green outside.

Would it be worth the having or the giving,
The boon of endless breath?
Oh for the weariness that comes of living
There is no cure but death!

Ours were indeed a fate deserving pity,
Were that sweet rest denied;
And few, methinks, would care to find the city
Where never any died!

—*Elizabeth Akers.*

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## *NATURAL HISTORY.*

### ALL ABOUT BATS.

To this day bats walk backward and sleep hanging head downward. In warm countries they sleep in trees, clustered thickly together. Bats of temperate latitudes harbor in caves or in dark nooks and crannies of every sort, flying abroad at dusk. Save in the breeding season, the sexes fly separately,—males on one tree or in one cave, females in another. But, when rearing young, the bat is exceptional among mammals in that the male suckles and carries young in his pouch the same as the female, although it does it only in event of twins, which the mother bat would be wholly unable to protect and care for.

The fruit-eating bat of the tropics, known as the flying fox, is among the swiftest of winged creatures. Flocks have been known to cover forty miles without stopping, in order to reach a favorite tree, and, after

rioting there all night, fly back before dawn to a safely dark roost. Where wild figs and almonds abound, they often break down the trees by clustering so thickly upon the laden boughs. More than that, they plunder, carrying away with them such quantities of fruit it is often possible to trace their course of flight by the husks and sucked skins dropped on the way.

When a cocoanut grove is plundered, many of the bats do not fly away. They gnaw through the hulls to suck the milk of the young nuts, which ferments so quickly it makes them drunk. Hundreds have been found lying blind and stupid at the foot of cocoanut-trees. A drunken bat has this much in common with a drunken human being, he falls easily, so easily he is not bruised, even from the height of a cocoa palm, which is seldom less than one hundred feet. Take him how you will, the fruit-eating bat is not a desirable neighbor. Individually, he smells of musk. Multiply the musk by ten thousand, and the odor becomes almost unendurable. This from the bodies alone, the dropping—bat guano—is more offensive than even Peruvian guano.

In temperate countries, bats hibernate, sleeping away the cold weather, packed snug in the narrowest available cranny. If routed out and brought to light, they revive, squeak faintly, then fall over as though dead. They have the trick of "playing 'possum" to escape captivity, and resort to it even in summer. The common night flying bat is both an insect destroyer and an insect breeder. It feeds upon flies, gnats, mosquitoes, and small moths. It breeds the odoriferous and detestable bed-bug, and in such quantities its abiding place becomes quickly a nest of them. In midsummer the red pests often cling to the flying bats, and are thus introduced into the most carefully kept houses if unscreened windows are left open.

The queer leaf-nosed bat is a cave-dweller, but sometimes harbors in trees, and, like his congeners, climbs about them backwards, and head downward. He feeds indifferently on fruit or insects, hibernates only slightly in the very coldest weather, and is altogether the most alert of his tribe.

For long it was held that the vampire-bat was purely a creature of imagination, though travellers reported vague terrors regarding it from South American wilds. There it was eventually found. In reality, it is a bat with wings fifteen to twenty inches in spread, and a particularly bleak-like mouth full of sharp teeth. It sucks the blood of grazing beasts, horses, cattle, and so on, which feed at night to escape insects. It also flies into stables which are more or less open, and, if undisturbed, will draw a quart of blood at a time. The wounds it makes are not dangerous, but the animals of course grow weak from the loss of blood. Travellers have special need to beware of vampire bats, since they suck just at the junction of the neck and shoulder, high up on the withers, and thus make sores which the saddle is apt to further inflame. Commonly, the sucking is so gently done the animals are often unconscious of it. But a very hungry bat sometimes bites so hard it sets his prey kicking and squealing. Then terror seems to seize upon the whole bunch of beasts, with the result oftentimes of a midnight stampede. Tradition said the vampires lulled their victims to sleep by fanning them with their wings. Fact and tradition have this much of agreement: the vampire bat does wave its wings as it sucks, but it is evidently as the butterfly waves his, to keep his balance, not to charm his victim asleep.

Inevitably, the bat is a centre of superstition. The Germans call him *Fliedermaus*, flying mouse. His English folk name is flitter mouse, or were-mouse. To the Greeks he was chieroplane, the "hand-winged," and sacred to Proserpine. The Jews held him most unclean of all beasts. In China, contrariwise, he is auspicious, especially if he flies over the beginning of a journey or into the apartment that holds a wedding feast. *Selected.*

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## *QUEEN VICTORIA.*

In the course of an interesting letter, in Tuesday's *Times*, on the influence of the queen, Mr. W. Rathbone says: —

"But I have not anywhere seen special attention drawn to what appears to me to be the greatest benefit of all the many benefits which Queen Victoria bestowed on her people and on the world.

"No one who has been a close observer of public and social life during that period of

sixty-three years, and no one who has studied in history and in experience the causes of the progress and decay of nations, can have failed to have remembered again and again that just such an overwhelming influx of wealth as England has experienced during those years preceded the degradation and fall of the great empires of Rome and Spain, and was mainly the cause of that fall because of the frantic luxury and the demoralization and weakening of character which the sudden prosperity produced. In England, indeed, the increase of wealth has been proportionately far greater.

"All will admit that the dangers have not been altogether averted, and that the new wealth has had effect in increasing luxury and decreasing exertion. But that this evil was not a thousand times greater than it has been — that it did not result, as to Spain, in national demoralization and consequent decay, failure, and impotence — was due very largely to the influence of Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort.

"It only needed the help that a George IV. would have given to the growth of expenditure and immorality to have sent this country headlong down the path that leads to national ruin. But from the time that the influx first began, the Queen and Prince Albert maintained a court carefully and frugally managed and perfectly pure. Their influence strengthened the hands of the older and wiser part of the aristocracy in the maintenance of their own self-respecting dignity, and saved them from being led into competition with the luxurious and wasteful expenditure of those among the newly enriched who were anxious to force themselves by these means into a social position. The effect of this example filtered down from class to class, and gave the highest sanction in the country to moderation in expenditure and correctness in conduct.

"This, I believe, to have been the greatest benefit which this country owes to the late queen."

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A common sorrow is a great bond. The recent mourning for Queen Victoria suspended not only international prejudices and political strife, but even sectarian jealousies. It did much to create interdenominational union. At Liverpool a great memorial service was held in St. George's Hall by the united body of nonconformists, and four thousand people attended it. The same effort at nonconformist union was made in many other towns: as at York, where at the Centenary Chapel two thousand persons assembled; and at Cambridge, where the Guildhall was packed to the doors, and an open-air service had consequently to be extemporized, in addition, in the market-square outside. Better still, at Cheltenham, Anglicans and nonconformists joined in a yet more comprehensive union. For at St. Matthew's the Mayor and Corporation attended, together with representatives of every Anglican and nonconformist church, each political club and friendly society, the local Yeomanry, and Volunteers. The lesson was read by the Wesleyan superintendent minister.

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Speaking at a meeting of Associates of the Girls' Friendly Society at Blackburn, Miss MacMichael (Diocesan Secretary for Ely) said they all knew Queen Victoria was patron of the society: but few were aware that she was also a working associate, and, like other associates, had a number of girl members under her oversight. One of these girls emigrated to the United States; and, applying to a clergyman in her difficulty, he remarked, "What a pity you are not in the Girls' Friendly Society!" "Oh, but I am," replied the girl, "and Queen Victoria is my associate," producing a bundle of letters in the queen's handwriting in proof of her assertion.

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## *THE PASSING OF THE TERN.*

The surprising results which may follow fashion's demand for a certain kind of bird have never been more clearly shown than in the case of the terns, or sea swallows, of our Atlantic coasts.

Useless for food, the birds have escaped the demands of the hunter; and thousands nested in security along our beaches. The exquisite purity of their plumage and their unsurpassed gracefulness on the wing made them a particularly grateful element of the coast scenery to every lover of the beautiful, while to the prosaic fisherman they often gave evidence of the direction of the land, as with unerring flight they returned

through the densest fogs, bearing food to their young.

Suddenly, as a result of causes too mysterious for the mind of man to comprehend, fashion claimed the terns for her own.

Up and down the coast word went forth that sea swallows, or "summer gulls," were worth ten cents each; and the milliners' agent was there to confirm the report.

It was in June, when the baymen were idle; and, unrestrained by law, they hastened to the beaches in keen competition to destroy the birds that were nesting there.

Never, in this country at least, has there been such a slaughter of birds. A Cobb's Island (Va.) bayman, whose conscience, even as this late date, urged him to a confession of shame for his part in the proceedings, told me recently that in a single day of that memorable season 1,400 terns were killed on Cobb's Island alone and 40,000 are said to have been shot there during the summer. The destruction at other favorable places was proportionately great.

Two seasons of this work were sufficient to sweep the terns from all their more accessible resorts, the only survivors being residents of a few uninhabited islands. Even here they would have succumbed, had not bird-lovers raised a sum to pay keepers to protect them.

Then fashion, as if content with the destruction she had wrought, found fresh victims; and the terns, for a time, escaped persecution. Now, however, the demand for them has been revived; and again the milliners' agent is abroad, placing a price on the comparatively few birds remaining. Before me is a circular issued by a New York feather dealer, asking for "large quantities" of "Sea Gulls, Wilson's Turns (*sic*), Laughing Gulls, Royal Gulls," etc.; and this is only one instance among hundreds. In fact, the feather merchants themselves state that the demand for terns and gulls exceeds the supply.

What will be the result? Is there no appeal from fashion's decree? Woman alone can answer these questions; and the case is so clear that she cannot shirk the responsibility of replying.

Aigrettes are decorative, quills difficult to identify. Neither bespeaks death, and ignorance may lead the most humane woman into wearing them. But with the tern no such excuse exists; and the woman who places its always disgustingly mutilated body on her bonnet does so in deliberate defiance of the laws of humanity and good taste.

FRANK M. CHAPMAN.

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## *AMUSEMENT COLUMN.*

*[Please send all contributions for this column to Miss K. C. Porter, 22 Brimmer Street, Boston, Mass.]*

### I.

*Hidden Animals.*

1. The purple jar, at last, is mine.
2. Get up, ignominious jade!
3. The man made the balls of pith, or seemingly so.
4. We had a fall, I on top, and Julia under me.
5. I gave Jack all my candy. How generous!
6. Jane and I both are going to the circus to-morrow.
7. What shall I do? Go on as I have begun?
8. She says she will be a really good girl.
9. Persis! As sweet a maid as ever lived.
10. I told Sarah to go at once, or else she would be sorry.
11. I hope you will be a very good boy.
12. "Sal am brought home," is bad grammar. You should say, "Sal is brought home."

### II.

*Charades.*

My *first's* in a sentence the dear Saviour said,
With his hands placed, methinks, on a little child's head.
'Tis a word, too, you say, oft-times from the heart,
When a guest whom you love is about to depart.

My *second* is what we should evermore do
With good things that come oft to me and to you;
For the pleasures we have, on to others should go.
'Tis a way to make brighter our own lives, you know.

My *whole* is by mariners used on the sea.
Without it, methinks, would ships often be
Far lost from their courses on dark, pathless waves,
And all those within them find watery graves.

III.

P R S V R Y P R F C T M N V R K P T H S P R C P T S T N. One letter is wanting to make it a perfect sentence. What is it?

IV.

*Progressive Numerical Enigma Example.* Little Gerty was so 1-2-3 4-5-6 1-2-3-4-5-6 called her Dame Dumpling. [Father 123456]

1. Please 1-2-3-4 5-6-7-8 to that 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8 lady over there.

2. Eva asked her sisters 1-2 3-4-5 6-7-8 a new hat, and they all went 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

3. If I could hear you make your 1-2-3-4, I am 5-6-7-8 it would give me 1-2-3-4-5-6-7-8.

4. Katie dropped her 1-2-3-4-5 doll, and broke its 1-2-3-4 5 while ago.

5. Oh, Jennie! About the ribbon I asked you 1-2-3, please 4-5-6 it, if you do not 1-2-3-4-5-6 to.— *From St. Nicholas Magazine.*

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*Answers to Puzzles in March Number.*

*Hidden Flowers.*

1. Morning Glory. 2. Tulip. 3. Mary gold (Marigold).

*Hidden Herbs.*

1. Pennyroyal. 2. Rosemary. 3. Peppermint.

*Hidden Fruit.*

1. Pineapple. 2. Gooseberry. 3. Currant.

*Charades.*

1. A shadow. 2. A turnstile.

*Conundrums.*

1. One cannot go to sea, the other cannot see to go. 2. Donkey. 3. A ditch.

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Trust in your Father, and each day accept from him the gift of life, the inflowing light of conscience and of reason, the inflowing love which draws out your heart to those around you, the inflowing aspiration which longs for some better and higher goodness.

## *LETTER FROM THE EDITOR.*

### THE OBER-AMMERGAU PLAY.

(*Concluded.*)

After the scene in the temple with the money-changers, Jesus and the disciples retire into the inner part of the temple to pray; and the Pharisees and the traders remain, and plan that they will send some one to complain of him to the Sanhedrin.

After a tableau representing Joseph and his brethren (all these Old Testaments scenes are supposed to be types and prophecies of the life of Jesus) comes a very finely arranged scene representing the Sanhedrin and the interview with the Pharisee who comes to complain of Jesus. These scenes are most carefully and accurately arranged, the costumes of the Jews, their rich flowing robes, gold ornaments, phylacteries, etc., most elaborately prepared, so that the illusion is here quite perfect. Caiaphas sits in the midst on a raised dais, in jewelled breast-plate, robes of white embroidered with gold, a green and gold mantle, and a mitre adorned with golden bells. On one side of him sits Annas: on the other, Nathanael, the Pharisee, who comes to complain of Jesus. Ranged on each side of the room are the members of the Sanhedrin, in every variety of gorgeous costume and every combination of rich deep color,— crimson, deep blue, purple, yellow, and white. With their long beards, dignified bearing, and gorgeous raiment, these produced an imposing effect. Then, of course, follows the discussion, and the plan entrapping Jesus. All this is very well acted.

The next tableau is the departure of Tobit, with the angel Raphael who is in disguise, and has a staff, but no wings. After this, the bride in the Song of Solomon. She sits in a garden, with several young girls about her. This typifies the Church, and Jesus the absent bridegroom. These comparisons are a little forced, as modern Bible study shows there is no connection between many of the Old Testament passages, which have thus been used, and the life of Jesus. But the old idea was that much of the Old Testament is a foretelling of the New.

During the tableaux the chorus sings, sometimes very beautifully, hymns and verses appropriate to the scene represented.

Next comes the leave-taking at Bethany. The scene begins with the journey and conversation with the disciples. Philip says, "Has the day come when thou wilt restore the kingdom to Israel?" And Jesus tells of his approaching death. Here, too, he says, "The hour is come that the Son of Man should be glorified." (This really comes a little later in the New Testament story. when the Greeks at the feast ask to see Jesus, so that the beautiful significance of this exclamation is missed, I think.) Then they meet Lazarus and the two sisters and Simon. Then follows the supper in Simon's house, and the anointing of the feet of Jesus by Mary, and the conversation with Judas about the waste of money.

Judas now becomes the principal actor. Of course, the figure of Jesus is always the centre of interest. But it is more like seeing a series of sacred pictures or tableaux. The part of Judas requires acting.

We thought that the least satisfactory rôle was that of the mother of Jesus. The parting with her now follows. She is quite a young girl, and did not even look the part. But, then, it was a very hard one. The inferior parts are naturally easier.

Next comes the walk to Jerusalem, when Jesus mourns over the temple, and the scene where Peter and John arrange for the passover supper. I liked very much these little side scenes, because there was such a reality about them. There was nothing impossible to represent; and it might have been the real Peter and the real John.

Then comes the scene between Judas and the Jews, who seek to have him betray Jesus. This is very well acted. The expressions of the two or three Jews who are watching the bargain between Judas and the chief member of the embassy are very realistic, painfully so. The suspense of the watchers, the hesitation of Judas, the triumph when they see him yielding,—all this is true to nature.

Judas is then alone, and soliloquizes thus:—

"If the priests succeed in taking him prisoner,—if his reign is over,—I have assured my own prospects, and shall besides become famous through Judæa as a man who has helped to save the law of Moses. But, if the Master shall gain the victory, then—yes, then—I will cast me down, repentant, at his feet; for he is good. I have never seen him drive the penitent from him. He will take me back again; and I shall have the credit of bringing about the decision."

After this comes the last supper, the washing of the feet, the dipping of the sop, the conversation with Peter. This is like a tableau, the attitudes taken from Leonardo's Last Supper.

Then again the Sanhedrin, with Judas, and the final bargain and the payment of the thirty pieces of silver; and the remonstrance of Nicodemus and Joseph of Arimathea, who rise and leave the chamber.

Then the scene in Gethsemane. In the first part, Jesus is praying in the background, and the disciples asleep in the foreground. So that this is really a tableau. Afterward the arrest, the Roman soldiers, among the Jews, making a new feature.

Of course, as the tragedy deepens to the final scene, it becomes more and more painful to watch it. The Sunday before we were present, some friends of ours were at Ober-Ammergau. A thunder-storm came up; and at some very crucial moment—the treachery of Judas, I think—came a deep roll of thunder, which added an especial thrill of reality to the sensations already experienced.

I think the scene with Pilate is one of the best. Pilate comes out, and stands on the little porch before his door. He looks exactly like a Roman governor (so far as any one can judge who has never seen one), and his hesitation and desire to save Jesus (without compromising himself) are very well rendered, the populace raging in the street below, with Jesus in the midst. Finally, Pilate's loss of patience, and the breaking and throwing down of his staff, are all very natural.

The mocking, the scourging, the scene with Herod, the bearing of the cross, all are rendered with absolute realism, and of course are very painful.

The little interlude of Peter's treachery, the tableau of the Roman soldiers around the brazier of coals, the gossiping maid-servant peering curiously into Peter's face, the crowing of the cock,—this is perfect, and transports us to the spot and time as the more important scenes cannot possibly do.

There is one terrible scene,— the remorse and despair of Judas, ending in his suicide. His interview with the Sanhedrin, and the

outcry, "I have betrayed innocent blood!" with the indifference and mockery of the Jews, is more like acting than almost anything in the play. The soliloquy alone in the field, at night, follows. The curtain falls as he rushes to the tree, binding his girdle about his neck.

I had had no conception what the dreadful realism of the last scenes would be.

Jesus is really fastened to the cross; and, when the curtain rises, the soldiers *appear* to be nailing his hands and feet to it, as it lies on the ground. It is then raised; and it seems so incredible that it can be a living man, thus fastened to the cross, that at first I thought it must be a lay figure. On each side were the two thieves, bound to the crosses by cords, in the constrained position of the thieves in the great painting by Rubens, which this arrangement exactly reproduces.

I saw that it must be Anton Lang himself on the central cross. All the last sayings of Jesus, the conversation with the thief,— everything is given with absolute fidelity. The figures remain on the cross *twenty-five minutes!* Sometimes the "Christus" faints entirely away (in reality, not as part of the representation). I do not see how he can bear it, still less how the actors can endure the strain and fatigue of acting on two successive days, as is the case during the crowded season. The play lasts eight hours, and the fatigue of *watching* it must be almost unendurable to a delicate person. With the words "Father, into thy hands I commit my spirit," the head of Jesus sinks one one side, the whole body relaxes and falls forward, and from that moment to the end of the scene there is not the slightest sign of life.

There follows what to me was the most beautiful and touching scene in the whole play,—the descent from the cross. The body hangs lifeless. The Roman soldiers go away, — how glad we are to have them go! — Joseph and Nicodemus come, John mounts a ladder. The Maries and the other disciples stand below. John softly removes the crown of thorns. With the utmost gentleness, tenderness, and reverence, Jesus is lifted from the cross by two of the disciples and received by those below.

I will leave the story here, for it was the culminating point in the play to me. I think that hardly any one could see it without tears.

A week or two later Undine and I sat at dinner at the Hotel Beaurivage at Ouchy on Lake Geneva. Undine looked thoughtful. Suddenly she said, "Let's go back to the Ober-Ammergau, and see the play again!" I am afraid to oppose a water-sprite on the shores of Lake Geneva. We went back to the Ober-Ammergau, and saw the play again. L. F. C.

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If we could have a little patience, we would escape much mortification. Time takes away as much as it gives.— *Mme. de Sévigné.*

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You shall be none the worse to-morrow for having been happy to-day, if the day bring no action to shame it.— *Thackeray.*

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Learning without thought is labor lost. *Confucius.*

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## *IMPORTANT NOTICES.*

There will be a meeting of the Cheerful Letter Exchange on Friday, May 3, at 10.30 A.M., at 25 Beacon Street, Boston. All interested in this work are cordially invited to be present.

*Please notice that the address of the secretary has been changed from 2 Gordon Terrace, Brookline, to 373 Boylston Street, Boston.*

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## DIRECTIONS.

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